DON'T WORRY! YOU ARE INSURED. See page 14.

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JOHN BULL

Vol. XVIII. No 450. SATURDAY, JANUARY 16, 1915. ONE PENNY

[*Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.*]

For meaning of this No. see page ii. of Cover.

Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them: nought shall make us rue,
If *Britain* to itself do rest but true.

Edited by
HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.

Largest Circulation of any Weekly Journal in the World.

OUR STUPENDOUS FREE INSURANCE (See Page 14.) If you desire to avoid the necessity of filling up this weekly coupon you may sign the Newsagent's Order Form on page 14, and forward the duplicate to us and we will accept it as if filled up by insured during such period as this Insurance Scheme remains in force.

GREAT WAR INSURANCE COUPON.

(Insuring against ALL War Risks, as specified above.)

Name of Insured..... *Address*.....

Age next Birthday.....

NOMINATION FORM.

In the event of my being injured or killed on land within the British Isles, or of my home or its contents being damaged, I hereby nominate first myself, or in the event of my Death:—

Name.....*Address*.....

to receive such sum as may become payable under the terms of the Insurance Scheme set out in "JOHN BULL."

This coupon must be signed by the Insured—or, in the case of children under twelve years of age, by their parents or legal guardians—and is available for London and twelve-mile radius till 8 a.m. Wednesday, January 20, and all other parts of the British Isles till 8 a.m. Thursday, January 21.

SPECIAL NOTE.—If you do not make use of the Newsagent's Form on page 14, fill in this form and carefully retain it. In the event of a claim it must be forwarded to the Editor of "John Bull" within seven days of the date of the accident.

WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER?

Every copy of JOHN BULL bears upon its cover a distinctive number, and every week FIFTY of such numbers will be drawn and PUBLISHED IN THE FOLLOWING ISSUE.

To each of the holders of copies of JOHN BULL *of specified date*, bearing any of such numbers, we will, upon production **within seven days of publication** (a reasonable extension will be allowed to foreign and Colonial claimants) of a sufficient portion of the cover to identify the date and number, pay the sum of ONE GUINEA in return for his using his best endeavour for one week to increase our circulation. Before the money is paid we require a full report of all the work done.

The following are the fifty numbers for our issue of January 9th:—

001524	161418	362610	561360	771981
015941	167833	371288	586762	843780
030200	171273	415540	620238	863917
058234	199434	429710	633381	867574
062610	245358	456455	651935	901627
069852	264229	467348	670090	945311
086805	270220	480977	688067	986991
119754	302833	513279	711633	A010036
133369	324268	524900	757160	A025672
151740	346813	540391	766426	A038954

The A prefixed to a drawn number indicates it is plus a million.

The Fifty Numbers in respect of this week will be announced in our next issue (published January 20th).

The following have sent in correct claims:

JAS. E. JONES 17, Barndale Road, Mossle Hill, Liverpool. 174,613. December 26th.

THOS. CROSBIE, 12, Spohr Terrace, South Shields. 770,266. December 19th.

A. MUSK, 179, Castleton Road, Royton, Lancs. 894,732. December 12th.

CHARLES N. BROWN, 227, Crow Lane, E. Newton-le-Willows, Lancs. 203,927. December 26th.

JOHN BUTLER, 11, Canal Bank, Aberdulais, W. Neath, S. Wales. 145,206. December 26th.

JOHN C. HOYES, 112, Eldon Road, Wood Green, N. 352,205. December 26th.

F. MOXON, Deer Park Cottage, Greenhill Bingley. 385,412. December 26th.

JOHN BULL PEN COUPON. Value 1d.

By sending this Coupon with P.O. for 2/6 and loose 1d. stamp for postage, the holder is entitled to receive a John Bull Gold Nibbed Fountain Pen. Additional Coupons up to 12 from "John Bull" or "Mary Bull," any dates, may be saved and used in part payment, each counting as 1d off the price. You may send 13 Coupons, and P.O. for 1/6 only and loose 1d. stamp for postage. Address Pen Dept., "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C. January 16, 1915.

N.B.—State whether you prefer a Fine, Medium, or Broad Nib

FIRST READ THIS. If you predict the "Home" Team will win, put in ink a X in the Home Column; if you predict the "Away" Team will win, put a X in the Away Column. For Draws put a X in the Draw Column.

John Bull ENTRANCE FORM.

Second Round Cup-Tie Contest.

Matches to be played Saturday, Jan. 30th.

HOME.	AWAY	DRAW.	HOME TEAM.		AWAY TEAM
			W. Ham U. or Newc.	v.	Swansea
			Sheffield W.	v.	Wolverhampton W.
			Fulham	v.	Southampton
			Brighton & Hove	v.	Birmingham or C.Pal.
			Everton	v.	Bristol City
			Bradford City	v.	Middlesboro
			Pres.N.E. or Man. C.	v.	Aston Villa
			Oldham	v.	Rochdale
			Hull City	v.	Northampton
			Bolton Wan.	v.	Millwall
			Bury or Plym. A.	v.	Bradford
			Sheffield United	v.	Liverpool
			Burnley	v.	Bristol R. or Southend
			Swindon or Chelsea	v.	Arsenal
			Norwich City	v.	Tottenham H.
			Queen's P.R.	v.	Leeds City
			Barnsley	v.	Huddersfield T.
			Glossop	v.	Grimsby
			Stockport County	v.	Derby County
			Croydon Common	v.	Reading

I enter "JOHN BULL" Foo bal Competition in accordance with the rules announced on this page and agree to accept the Editor's published decision as final and legally binding, and enter on that understanding.

Signed .....

13 *Address* .....

.....

Entrance Forms must be cut, not torn out.

Read Rules Carefully.

NOTE METHOD OF MARKING COUPON.

1. We have adopted the following rule for marking the Entrance Form:—If you predict the Home Team will win, put a X in the Home Column; if you give the Away Team to win, put a X in the Away Column. For a Draw put a X in the Draw Column. [The teams given in column 1 will remain the "Home" teams even if some sell choice of ground.]

2. Having done this, write in ink (typewriting or pencilling will not do) your name and address, in the space provided, cut out the Entrance Form, and address it to **"John Bull," 25, Floral Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.**, mark envelope in top left-hand corner, **Second Round Contest**, and send to reach us not later than **Friday, January 29th.**

3. The sum of £1,500 will be paid to the Competitor whose entrance form contains the correct results, as published in the "Sporting Life," of all the matches given played to a finish on January 30th. Should it happen that no entrance form be received giving the whole of the correct results, a cash prize of £250 will be paid to the sender of a coupon with one error only. In the unlikely event of neither the £1,500 nor the £250 being won, £100 will be paid to the Competitor sending in the most correct forecasts whatever the number; and £25 to the sender of the most correct forecasts on a mauve coupon taken from "Mary Bull." If the sender of a mauve coupon should win or share the £1,500, the £250, or the £100, the "Mary Bull" prize will be awarded to the sender of the next most correct forecasts on a mauve coupon.

4. No responsibility will be accepted by the Editor for the loss or non-delivery of any effort. No correspondence will be entered into, neither will interviews be granted.

5. Any effort on which any alteration has been made will be disqualified.

6. In the event of a tie or ties in this Competition, the £1,500, the £250, the £100, as well as the special £25 mauve coupon prize, will be equally divided.

7. Our employees are strictly debarred from entering this contest.

8. Scottish readers may enter.

THE CONTEST CLOSES FRIDAY, JANUARY 29th.

DUPLICATE COUPON.

The following duplicate list of the matches is printed solely for the convenience of Competitors desirous of keeping a record of their efforts. It must on no account be sent in, and will not be accepted as proof of forecasts made on the Entrance Form.

H	A	D	TEAMS.	H	A	D	TEAMS.
			W. Ham U. or New. U v. Swansea.				Bury or Plymouth A. v. Bradford
			Sheffield W. v. Wolverhampton W.				Sheffield U. v. Liverpool
			Fulham v. Southampton				Burnley v. Bristol R. or Southend
			Brigh. & H. v. Birm'gh'm or C. Pal.				Swindon or Chelsa v. Arsenal
			Everton v. Bristol City				Norwich C. v. Tottenham H.
			Bradford City v. Middlesboro'				Queen's P.R. v. Leeds City
			Pres. N.E. or Man. C. v. Aston V.				Barnsley v. Huddersfield T
			Oldham v. Rochdale				Glossop v. Grimsby
			Hull City v. Northampton				Stockport C. v. Derby C.
			Bolton W. v. Millwall				Croydon Common v. Reading

JOHN BULL.

Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant:
Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.

Vol. XVIII. No. 450. Week ending Saturday, January 16th, 1915. One Penny.

Chairman:
REV. A. J. WALDRON
(Vicar of Brixton).

GRAND PATRIOTIC RALLY

THURSDAY, JANUARY 14, 1915, at 8 p.m., at the

ROYAL ALBERT HALL.

ALL SEATS IN THE HALL FREE.
No tickets required.

Principal Speaker:

MR. HORATIO BOTTOMLEY

(Editor of "JOHN BULL").

Vocalists: MISS RUTH VINCENT. MR. HARRY DEARTH.

Recitation: MISS CONSTANCE COLLIER (who will recite Mr. BOTTOMLEY'S war verses, "Why is the Red Blood Flowing?").

BAND OF THE IRISH GUARDS (Conductor, Mr. C. H. Hassell).

DOORS OPEN AT 7 P.M.

On the Platform will be representatives from the Navy, Army, Chelsea Pensioners, Nurses, Special Constables, &c.

HOW TO REACH THE HALL:

The London General Omnibus Company's Services Nos. 9 (Liverpool St and Barnes), 33 (Liverpool St. and Richmond) 46 (Victoria and Cricklewood), 46a (Victoria and Kensal Rise), and 73 (King's Cross and Barnes) pass the doors.
Great Northern and Piccadilly Tube, book to South Kensington. Subway to the Hall.
Trains South Kensington, Gloucester Road, or Kensington High Street, District Railway, from all parts every few minutes.

THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

[*The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.*]

To the Albert Hall.

On Thursday, the 14th, all roads lead to the Albert Hall—so you can't take the wrong turning. Further details above—and also on page 6 of this issue.

Saving Haldane.

By one of those coincidences with which the student of the Party Game is familiar, the ministerial papers broke out together in an apparently spontaneous vindication of Lord Haldane—just before he got up in the House of Lords to put himself right with the public. Of course, the whole thing was engineered from "Headquarters"—and it has fallen flat. Lord Haldane should follow the example of Prince Louis of Battenberg. We are not sure whether his King any longer wants him—but are positive that the country doesn't.

The Mystery.

By the way, there will probably be a bit of a rumpus in the Commons over the Lords having dared to assemble in advance. Why, indeed, dare they do *anything?* Yet, somehow, it seems to us that their debates are quite as useful and illuminating as those of the Lower House. And they don't charge for them! Still, the mystery remains—how did the Government come to "permit" them to forestall the "popular" Chamber? There will be strong protests from the salaried democrats, and there will be the usual official "explanations." Shall *we* hazard an explanation? *Ask Lord Haldane.*

The John Bull Hostel.

This idea has caught on. Read about it on page 6.

Let 'Em All Come!

We mean the Zeppelins and the Sea-Shells. See page 14.

Conscription.

Did you notice this little sentence in a recent speech by Dr. Macnamara—"If the young men who are not enlisting think they are going to escape, *they will soon discover their mistake*"? Mac. has evidently been listening at the keyhole of the Cabinet chamber—and is not so cryptic in his speech as Lord Haldane.

Funny.

And did you notice, too, the name of the Board of Trade official who has been conducting the inquiry into the Ilford railway accident—Colonel Von Donop?

Foreign Missions.

With reference to our recent suggestion that people should transfer their subscriptions from Foreign "Missions" to more practical purposes, here are some figures of the incomes of various Charities and Institutions in 1914. "Bible Societies," £300,000; Home and Foreign Missions, £3,500,000; Charities for the Blind, £90,000; and General Hospitals, £750,000." In other words, we paid nearly four millions to ensure human salvation after death, as against about three-quarters of a million to relieve human suffering in life. Which is not religion.

The Kaiser's Garter.

Has the Kaiser yet been divested of his Garter, or are we to wait till he throws it in our faces? We must run down to St. George's Chapel and have a look. It would be nothing short of a national scandal if the Berlin Baby Butcher were still included in the special prayer for holders of the Order.

Don't forget our Great Patriotic Rally at the Albert Hall—Thursday, January 14th.

The Mercantile Mariner.

In the loud chorus of praise which we raise daily in honour of our gallant soldiers and sailors on active service and in training, we are apt to forget that there are others "doing their bit" for their country, unobtrusively, perhaps, but as nobly; who remain unhonoured and unsung because they do not happen to wear the King's uniform. We allude to the merchant sailors engaged in transport work. Day after day they face—well, we will not say capture, but sudden death by mine or submarine or aerial bomb. They man the ships which the enemy would most dearly love to destroy—the vessels which convey constant reinforcements for that "contemptible little army" which has shattered the Kaiser's dream—first of Paris, and then of Calais. Should not there be some official recognition of these brave and hardy sailors, either on the part of the War Office or the Admiralty? Even a badge indicating the hazardous nature of the work in which they are engaged would be appreciated by them, and would save them from the gibes of ignorant shore-folk, who are sometimes guilty of asking them why they don't "do something for their country"!

The "Man in the Street."

We are pleased to see that the Man in the Street is at last waking up and has realised that, if he does not immediately make an emphatic protest, his liberties will be filched away from him at the instigation of the killjoys, who are so flagrantly violating the principles of the white flag, and are utilising the war to bring their fanatical nostrums into effect—openly boasting that not only will the Emergency Acts remain, but that they will be made more drastic. Mr. McKenna lends a willing ear, and goes through the farce of receiving deputations consisting of Mrs. McKenna and other "temperance" ladies (all of whom would, if they had their way, close up every licensed house for ever) to hear their views as to the regulation of public hours, and promises to do his utmost to "get the assent of Parliament to introduce a Bill with a wider scope." What we want is an organised effort to secure that no such legislation shall be introduced during the life of the present Parliament.

The Inter-National Anthem.

We understand that, although the opinion of the late "principal girl" at Drury Lane in regard to the War had been for some time suspected, no denunciation of her by her fellow-artistes was made until the other day because it was observed that the lady joined in the "National Anthem" at the close of each performance. An explanation, of course, may be found in the fact that the air of "God Save the King" is also that of the German National Anthem as well as of an American patriotic song—so that Miss Rogers' lusty vocalisation may well have covered the words of *Heil, Dir im Siegeskranz*—which, translated into civilised language, express the elation with which the Hun apostrophises his War Lord—or "My country, 'tis of Thee"!

"Pampered Prisoners"

Despite the quashing—after permission had been given by Col. Cholmondley, the Commandant—of the proposed concert to provide "comforts" for the German prisoners in the Shrewsbury Concentration Camp, they seem, after all, to have enjoyed a very happy Christmas, bless their innocent hearts! A lady and her servant visited the camp by motor-car, loaded with valuable presents, which were distributed amongst the prisoners. On leaving, she handed a packet of "Woodbines" to the guard! Needless to say, they were returned with many thanks.

Better by Half.

In innumerable businesses throughout the country the wages and salaries of employees have been cut down by half on account of the war. In the majority of cases these salaries were thoroughly well-earned, and those who have suffered a 50 per cent. reduction in their income are useful members of society. As the Members of the House of Commons, as a whole, have manifested a strong reluctance to forego their £400 a year during this time of stress, we suggest to the Government that they do it for them, at any rate to the tune of 50 per cent., and thus put them on some sort of level with thousands of their poorer brothers and sisters, to whom the loss of 50 per cent. of their wages is an economic tragedy. At least 600 members of the House are practically of no use to the country, always excepting those who have joined one or other of the fighting forces. Six hundred times £200 saved would constitute an appreciable economy in the expenses of the State. And £200 a year is quite enough to pay for the services of Party hacks.

Special "Slops."

We cannot remember ever having heard or read of a more patriotic lot of men than those special constables who enrolled to help to keep the peace in the absence of the regular peelers who have gone to the front. They give four hours per day or night to preserve the law, they purchase their own uniform—overcoats and caps—and they pay their fares to the place of duty. A number of them have asked us to get them permission to smoke while on beat, and we hereby appeal to the authorities to grant them this microscopical privilege. The men give their time and pay their own way to preserve order and property, and goodness knows permission to indulge in the comforts of pipe, cigar or cigarette during four hours of irksome duty is as small a concession as the fine fellows can look for. We hope before the end of the week to hear that this ban on 'baccy has been removed.

Strategy.

The Local Government Board have refused the Camberwell Guardians' recommendation of an increase of salary to Dr. Keats, the Medical Officer, by £50 per annum. Taking into consideration that he is in receipt of only a miserable £800 a year, the Local Government Board seem to be economising. Perhaps they will re-consider the question after the war. In the meantime, the Guardians are having another shot. They now recommend that the Doctor shall receive £50 worth of rations from the stores in lieu of the increase! Who votes? Ayes to the right, Noes to the left; the Ayes have it. Dr. Keats may now parade with his basket every Saturday evening at the Workhouse Stores, and carry home his Sunday dinner.

Inoculation Insult.

We are frequently being asked if inoculation is compulsory in the Army. The answer is in the negative—but they have a way in the forces of getting over difficulties. Here is an extract from Company Orders of the R.G.A.:—

> It is brought to the notice of all ranks that no leave can be granted to N.C.O.s and Men who have not been inoculated against Enteric Fever.

The document is signed by Major J. C. Burnett. In another company the notice was posted that all inoculated men would get 48 hours' leave. There was a rush for the operation, but only half those who underwent the ordeal obtained the privilege. The others are thinking about the value of a "scrap of paper."

Mr Horatio Bottomley will be principal speaker at our Patriotic Rally. Thursday, January 14th.

Brave Bridlington!

In the sea-front gardens at Bridlington were three old dummy volunteer guns pointing seaward. A few days ago the Town Council sat in solemn conclave to discuss the advisability of removing those menacing objects from public view, it being feared that the Germans might make them an excuse for bombarding Bridlington as a "fortified town." In vain Alderman Collins pointed out that it would not matter to the Germans whether the guns were removed or not, since they had shown no disposition to respect open towns, so long as they saw a chance of slaying a few women and children. It was decided to remove the guns—and, presumably—Bridlington breathes again. A pity the Fathers of Bridlington and other Yorkshire coast towns did not make themselves a bit more busy in removing alien enemies from their midst immediately on the outbreak of war! Then the question of concealing a few old toy cannon would not have arisen.

"Little Banks."

Whilst we heartily endorse the warnings *now* being given (*we* uttered them long ago) against indiscriminate patronage of small private banking institutions, we agree with the statement in the announcement of the John Bull Bank, appearing elsewhere in this issue, that "a small private bank, conducted upon straightforward lines, is as much a necessity to the 'little man' as the Bank of England is to the millionaire." And we smile when we read the complacent assurances of certain City Editors and other financial experts—some of whom scarcely ever see the City—as to the "unimpeachable security afforded by the big joint stock banks." Where would they have been to-day, we wonder, but for the providential *moratorium*—to say nothing of their Dormant Balances and Unclaimed Securities? Yes, the small private bank is a necessity—but it must be a genuine bank, under expert and honest control.

Break the Rings!

We did well when we commandeered the sugar, and it is now up to the powers that be to destroy the "rings" that are keeping up freights and cornering foodstuffs. If this is not done, the commercial ghouls who make all they can out of their neighbours' misfortunes will put stunning, crushing burdens on the people of these islands in the very near future. Owners of freighters are doing a roaring trade, and it is a fact known to shipping men that many vessels pay their cost of purchase out of a few voyages, thanks to the enormous freights that they are able to charge. Foodstuffs are unwarrantably high in price already, and will still rise if the present combines are allowed to continue. There is a kind of Food Commission in existence; are its members asleep?

"Pip-Pip!"

Are the eyes of the Board of Trade open to the unprecedented quantities of apples which are being shipped from Liverpool to Rotterdam and Copenhagen just now? And are they aware that these enormous exports have caused the price of apples to rise by at least 6s. to the home consumers? That the bulk of the fruit is finding its way through neutral countries into Germany is more than likely. We are properly keen on giving our enemies the pip, but we draw the line at doing it *via* the apple.

Sweepers and "Sweeps."

Many men serving in H.M. trawlers and engaged in mine sweeping, write complaining of the irregularity of their pay. Probably the Admiralty think that these brave chaps are on a pleasure cruise, and that, therefore, their remuneration is a secondary consideration.

God Help the Widows!

It would seem that a member of the National Union of Railwaymen must surrender all his death and orphan benefits when he puts off his railway kit and dons that of the Army. We have before us the case of the widow and orphans of a sapper of the Royal Engineers who died from wounds. She applied to the Union for such benefits as she believed herself to be entitled to, only to find that she can receive nothing, "as there is no fund that could be charged with this liability." However, the General Secretary announces, "the Executive desire to assure our members that the Union has, and will continue to use every effort to press the Government to make adequate provision to meet the cases." It is to be hoped that they will hurry up; but it strikes us that in the meantime the Union would be acting with the minimum show of honesty if they refunded to the widows the moneys paid by the men, while in civil life, for the benefits that are now denied to their dependents.

"Taking it Out of the Taxes."

Recently one of our readers criticised the method of allocating the burden of the beer tax, designed to help us to pay for men and munitions, adopted by Messrs. Mew, Langton and Co., the Isle of Wight brewers, and others, as between themselves and their tied tenants. We are now told that—having regard to early closing, barring of women until the sun is nearly "over the foreyard," as the sailor says, the increased duty, the absence of hundreds of thousands of men abroad, or in camp having not many drinking hours or unable to purchase as many cans as they used to do when in civil life—both the brewer and the landlord have been hard hit. We gladly give publicity to this side of the matter, but we ask those publicans who have set out to reimburse themselves whether it is fair to tell the man who asks for his half-pint that they do not sell by measure, but by the glass—at the same time bagging the extra halfpenny.

Tommy Atkins on Billet.

When recruits are billeted on private houses, or places equivalent to private houses, will they remember where they are and respect alike their host, their host's property, and, as far as possible, their host's convenience? Tommy Atkins, who is a gentleman in war, is, with rare exceptions, a gentleman in peace, and it is only because some of those who aspire to his uniform are soiling his ticket here and there that we ask him to do all he can by precept and example to induce in them the manners of the British soldier at his best, God bless him!

A Point for Pumpuritans.

The rampant Rechabites who would rejoice to rob Tommy of his rum would do well to read a letter from Corporal J. R. C. Jorgensen, of the Hon. Artillery Company, to his father, which recently appeared in the press. Says he: "There is not a dry square inch in the trenches, and we all ooze water . . . Could you send me an unbreakable pocket flask, if possible? Rum has saved a good many of us already, and a reserve would be useful." What have the aquarats to say to that?

Trading with the Enemy.

We are afraid that Ministers are running the risk of being haled up, charged with trading with the enemy. One of the first contracts placed on the outbreak of war was for 500 gross of pencils to be made in Austria. Now the latest flannel underwear served out to Tommy bears the words, "Sanitary underwear. Unshrinkable. Made in Germany." We must keep our eyes skinned!

JACK TAR, ESQUIRE, TOO!

WHY WE ALL LOVE HIM—GOD BLESS HIM!

We recently paid our respects to Thomas Atkins, Esquire, and we now desire to say a word about another gallant gentleman—Jack Tar, Esquire—who, since the days of Drake, has been perhaps the most picturesque personage in the public mind—and who, in the last resort, is the man who most matters to our island home. He is part of our only constitutional force—the Army resting upon an annual Act which declares that it is "unlawful" in times of peace to maintain an armed force upon our shores. But we have not always treated him as well as we should have done. We have toasted him and boasted him—probably from the time when, under Lord Howard, "the feathers of the Spaniard were plucked one by one"—and yet it was not till the other day that we voted him the salary due to his talents and importance. Even now it is a question whether he is paid as well as he ought to be, having regard to the nature of the job on which he is engaged, not merely to-day, but every day; not only in war, but in peace. Praise is cheap. Gratitude, even when genuine, is not always substantial, and needs incessant stimulus to keep it alive. It is only when Jack hoists his slacks, clears his decks for action and prepares—under the Flag that has braved a thousand years the battle and the breeze—to serve his gun and blow our enemies to blazes, that we realise all he means to us. Then, while we throw up our hats, shout ourselves hoarse, grab his big hand and slap his broad back, the still small voice of conscience whispers to us a reminder of a thing or two which we haven't remembered in other days. Jack Tar, Esquire, can have anything he asks for, and lots of things he doesn't—when the Kaiser is at the door and the guns begin to roar! When they are quiet, we argue a week in Parliament whether he is worth a penny extra a day or a free tot of rum. That is our way; and being one of us, he probably knows it and forgives us. Let us hope he does, anyway.

NOT A GROUSER.

Thank goodness, Jack is not a grouser. He bears no malice and carries no stones in his pocket. There is a laugh on his face and a gleam in his eye, as he rolls along to his ship; he goes to his job with a will—for "Jack's the boy for work, Jack's the boy for play, Jack's the boy for everything that drives dull care away." That's why we all love Jack. He is ready for anything, ashore or afloat. At a pinch, he can ship a gun, and serve it on land as well as he does on sea. He has done it before to-day, as some Boers still living will tell you. His home is in his ship, his heart is on the sea; and yet somewhere, more likely than not, he lets his mind wander to another home in Portsmouth or Plymouth, Hull or Leith, where he has set a bright-eyed, welcoming, orderly little woman to look after his kiddies and dust his vacant chair. Already many dear little women of the kind are widowed. They will never again see Jack in his old chair. The children will never again hear his voice, for his tomb is the ship sunk to the bottom of the sea.

We shall be all right. *We* shall finish our tasks and go home to our wives and weans as we have done these long years. They will not call for us vainly—Jack will see to that, whatever happens to him. In his ship, behind his gun, he will die, if needs be, that we may live; and he doesn't care *how* he dies. It is all the same to him. We have just had a grand example in the sinking of the *Formidable*. First, there was the gallant captain, signalling, to a sister ship coming to his rescue, not to approach further because of the danger; and then there was the picture on deck last seen by the survivors—the sailors lined up at the salute of the Flag as the vessel slowly sank to the bottom of the sea. Great God! who shall say that Jack is not a hero! That is what he is there for. It is for that we chuck him his paltry pence per day. And he will do his duty in no grudging spirit, mark you. He knows that the steel decks on which he stands, the armour-plated walls of his ocean fortress, the big guns ejecting thunder and lightning and bloody death on the waters, are useless without him. *We* are not there: *we* are at home in our easy chairs, smoking our pipes and cigars and playing cribbage or patience with the missus. And we should not be worth a button if we *were* there. But *he* is there, without any doubt whatever. We can't see him; but that he is at his post is one of the few things in this world we can back as a certainty. Lord help us, if it wasn't!

THE SOUL OF NELSON.

"England has saved herself by her courage" cried Pitt, on hearing of Trafalgar; "she will save Europe by her example" Nelson had died in the hour of victory, but the grim work done under him by Jack Tar, Esquire, made us without further doubt or question mistress of the seas ere that world-echoing day was done. The soul of the Jack of 1915 is the soul of the Jack of 1805. It is the soul of Nelson, the soul of Britain, the soul of Howard, of Drake, of Frobisher, of Hawkins. It could not be a braver, but it is a mightier, soul. It has passed from strength to strength with the years. What could Nelson—what could any of the great men of England whose fame is borne on the eternal seas, do with the Super-Dreadnought of to-day? They would be helpless; they would know no more how to handle it than if it were an aeroplane or a submarine. Yet Jack made good for Britain and for Europe, and for the world, behind the wooden walls of Nelson's day; it is up to him to make good to-day behind the steel walls of Jellicoe, and he knows it. Will Jack Tar, Esquire, fail us? Is it credible—possible—that the soul of Nelson can fail before a von Tirpitz? We will recall that little story of Jack at church. It was on the Continent, and he heard somebody near him muttering, *Ah! mihi, beate Martine*, in the Latin. Telling the tale

afterwards, he said he couldn't make out much of the Liturgy, but it sounded to him like "All my eye and Betty Martin." And if anybody told Jack to-day that Britain is going to be knocked out in the Jellicoe-Tirpitz round, if and when it comes off, he would probably answer, "That's all my eye and Betty Martin." He's free and easy, bright and breezy.

JACK AND HIS CRITICS.

Jack Tar, Esquire, is not without his critics. Just as everybody can edit a newspaper or poke his neighbour's fire, so can everybody do Jack's job—with his mouth. Critics who don't know a deck swab from a besom, as well as critics who do, think that Jack is letting off the von Tirpitz much too lightly and that, instead of allowing the Teuton to roll up in a fog and bombard British babies and bathing machines, Jack ought to sail into Cuxhaven, or Wilhelmshaven, or wherever Tirpitz is hiding his naval stock, and blow up the lot—mines or no mines. But Jack Tar, Esquire, knows a game worth two, or even three, of that. He is not in such a hurry as the other fellow; he can wait; and while he waits he can watch. So, leaving plenty of room for the Germhun boats to come out if they want to, he is doing marvels for us, and has been doing marvels for us these five months. When the war broke out we anticipated lots of horrible things which haven't happened, not to mention some which have, and which we didn't anticipate. But for five months, in the midst of such a war as the world has never before known and possibly will never know again, our ports are still open to the neutral commerce of the world; we receive munitions, food and other supplies; our credit remains undiminished; our troops are being sent and brought long distances; our industries proceed apace; food is only 10 per cent. dearer than it was before, and except for such minor inconveniences as darkened streets and an occasional "raid and run," we hardly know that we are at death grips with a great military and naval Power, which has been preparing itself for years. Not only has Jack done this for us. He has chased Germhuny off the seas, destroyed its commerce, blockaded its ports so that its warships dare not come out and can do no good in, crippled its credit, driven it on its own internal resources for war munitions and food supplies, and tightened his grip on its throat more and more every day—with the result that the Kaiser is already setting an example to his deluded subjects by eating meal and potato bread, and ordering his generals to do likewise. It may not be a wholly insufferable refreshment; possibly more nutritious and less indigestible than mangel-wurzels, to which, in turn, they may be reduced. Certainly the von Tirpitz cannot keep his Dreadnoughts and super-Dreadnoughts in as long as Jack can keep his own without, and every month of Tirpitzity brings the enemy nearer to its fate—when, rather than have mangel-wurzels for breakfast, dinner, tea and supper, the Germhuns will order out the von Tirpitz to the front.

READY? AYE, READY!

That is the day for which Jack Tar, Esquire, is ready and waiting. Nobody knows better than he does what it means; nobody can have less fear than he of the result. All his heart, and mind, and soul are in that day—for, live or die, he knows that for Britain it is the Day of Deliverance and for Germhuny the Day of Judgment. But the North Sea waters will see nothing of the Germhun navy until the gory gambler of Berlin is at the last card in the last hand, and when it comes to that Jack knows the game as well as anybody else. His unconquerable patience, his unceasing watchfulness, his masterly skill, his unwearying endurance—these are qualities from which he has built his fame, and which we know will not fail him in his new Trafalgar. He needs no stimulus in talk of glory. Truth to tell, there is little glory in war. Nor need we, who sit comfortably at home, preach to him of "duty" and "sacrifice." More than anything else, perhaps, Jack is a personified little Business Government, hard as it is to run a Business Government on so few pence a day. There is no need at all to put any fancy trimmings on the "God speed" wherewith we cheer him to his job. He knows what he is up against, and what is up against him. He knows that he takes his life, as he takes his little bundle, in his hands. He knows there is not a true British heart which does not beat to him. Precious the Homeland to him and us alike, but how different the risk! At the worst, for us, a few shillings more on the taxes, a few shillings more to his widow, a penny or a ha'penny to read his name, if indeed we pay him the tribute to search for it, in the grim "roll of honour"; for him an end to all he loves in the world—perhaps such an end as no pen dipped in tears and suffering, and no tongue speaking in pity, would trust itself to tell; an end to his place in the little home, placid behind those coastwise lights not so far away. Yet Jack does not wince or pipe his eye. He cuddles his wife and kisses his kiddies, and they laugh him away; away for his country at the call of his King. God guide his ship and shot and send him back to us again, to make such a fuss of him and all that is his as never before. Come soon, come late, there must be an end; and when there is an end, with the victory won and the seal of the Judgment set in the sea, how gladly to Jack will go up the cry from British hearts!—

> Come up, come in from Eastward, from the guardports of the Morn,
> Beat up, beat in from Southerly, O gipsies of the Horn,
> Swift shuttles of an Empire's loom that weave us main to main,
> The coastwise lights of England give you welcome home again!

JACK AND TOMMY.

And let it be said that nobody will welcome Jack more warmly than his service mate, Tommy—Thomas Atkins, Esquire, to be precise. Nowhere has the conduct of the Grand Fleet been more thoroughly, and more intelligently, appreciated than in the trenches, whilst some of the finest tributes to the work of our troops have come in wireless messages from various units of the naval forces. The fact is, Jack and Tommy are pals. And together they are waiting for The Day. Tommy is a bit sorry for Jack—it is hard lines having to wait so long for the final "bust up," as they both put it; but Jack isn't jealous—he simply congratulates Tommy on his "good luck" in getting "a show" so soon; and with a hearty laugh, a toast to the girls, and a curse for the Kaiser they go about their grim business. Wonderful men—wonderful gentlemen!

THE REASON FOR OUR RALLY.

WHY WE ARE HOLDING THE ALBERT HALL MEETING.

Why are we holding our big meeting on Thursday evening, at the Albert Hall? *To wake up London.* Yes, that is the answer. There is something altogether wrong with the capital of the British Empire, and unless somebody stirs things up a bit—well, we may have a rude awakening. The truth is that the combined effort of the Party machine has failed. Any recruiting officer will tell you that none of the meetings so far held under the auspices of the Parliamentary Committee has been followed by a rush of enlistment. They have all fallen flat. There has been no human touch about the thing—no burning, inspiring interpretation of the wonderful signs of the time. The Man-in-the Street simply looks on in abject bewilderment. One Minister of the Crown tells him that for years the Government has known what was coming, and another asserts that we were taken by surprise, and that at no period had Anglo-German relations been better than immediately before the outbreak of the war. And rival Party papers are entertaining us with a fine exhibition of mutual mud-throwing as to which of them made the less fool of itself. The Press Bureau is unable to take us into its confidence; the War Office continues, so far as general administration is concerned, to muddle on in the old way, and, except that "all things considered, the Allies are doing very well," we know next to nothing of what is going on. It is to be a "long and tedious and costly war," and we are to put our trust in the Army, the Navy, and British Credit. "Our cause is just and righteous," says the Government, "so give us the men and the money—and Kitchener and Jellicoe will do the rest." We are not to be upset at the occasional blowing up of a battleship (notwithstanding that the German fleet is hiding "like rats in a hole"); we are to expect occasional reverses in the field; the bombardment of our shores is a normal risk of war; and even the landing of a "raiding party"—never mind its size, and we must not use the word "invasion"—is not to depress us. All that is wanted is men and more men—and money and more money. And, like the tame creatures we are, we acquiesce in the situation, pay our taxes and call upon our available manhood to join the Colours.

THE MESSAGE.

But it won't do. The nation does not yet realise what is happening. With the proud spirit which is its inheritance, it says, "To Hell with Germany," and goes about its business. *But it is not the nation's fault.* It has never been taught the inner lesson of this war, which can be summed up in that expressive phrase which, through all time, in every land, has embodied the spiritual ideal of mankind—a fight between God and the Devil. Of course God will triumph; but the Devil is a ghastly foe—base, brutal, bloody and relentless, and though ever defeated in his wars of Might against Right, he retires to his regions of Darkness with such a toll of human sacrifice and suffering as makes the angels weep. And this war is to be his greatest harvest—as it is to be also God's greatest victory. *That* is what is happening; but there is no one to preach the terrible truth. Seas of blood! Oceans of tears! Red ruin and the breaking up of laws! Civilisation, Art, Science, Trade, Commerce, all thrown to the winds—primeval savagery let loose from the yawning jaws of Hell! And no one to deliver the message! *We* do not profess to be capable of delivering it, but we *do* believe that we understand it. And in our effort to give it voice we at least have this advantage—we are free to speak that which we feel. Hence our meeting.

JOHN BULL'S HOSTEL.

FREE SUCCCUR FOR OUR WOUNDED SOLDIERS.

We announced last week that we had decided to establish a Hostel for the free succour and comfort of wounded warriors *en route* from the front to either hospital or home, and we are now looking for a suitable site at Boulogne, which is the most convenient centre for the purpose. We hope next week to be in a position to make a definite announcement on the subject. In the meantime, the scheme has been received with great cordiality, and subscriptions are already coming in, of which the first list appears below.

The following extracts from our last issue will indicate the scope and nature of the project:—

> A recent Continental visit has impressed us with the urgent necessity for some more comprehensive scheme than at present exists for providing refreshments and other comforts and special help to the lads sent back from the front through either wounds or fatigue. We say "refreshments and other comforts" advisedly, because we are satisfied that there are many ways in which, given the necessary means, much can be done to cheer the lot of our disabled warriors. Refreshments, chocolate, cigarettes, tobacco, etc., are all very welcome and necessary items in any such scheme, but there are a score of other things which have apparently so far been overlooked. Bandages, simple medicinal preparations, disinfectants, air-cushions, walking-sticks, slippers, arm-slings, hot-water bottles, and many other items will readily occur to our readers. Then there is reading matter and writing materials, illustrated periodicals, daily and weekly newspapers, novels, etc. Again, what about the poor fellows who are incapacitated from writing at all? For these we propose to provide the necessary clerical assistance. There is, too, the important question of interpreting.
>
> Put shortly, we propose to establish a real hostel, at which disabled soldiers belonging to any section of the Allied Armies may be assured of a warm welcome, without being subjected to inquisitorial and offensive catechism—uniform being the sole passport required. In the exigencies of war, it is inevitable that many a wounded man must be left more or less stranded for considerable periods when *en route* to hospitals and other institutions—to say nothing of the tedium of the long journeys which they are compelled to take. And it will be the main purpose of our Hostel to cater for the situation thus created, introducing the purely human, as distinguished from the dry official, element into the administration.

There will be no lack of willing helpers, and all that is now required is the money to start the Hostel. Will you help?

We are glad to be able to say that the proprietors of some of our biggest trading concerns, as well as the makers of specialities for invalids, etc., are evincing a warm interest in the scheme, and we hope to be able to announce shortly that they have shown their sympathy with our fighting men in a practical manner. Arrangements are proceeding apace, and we look forward to an early opening of our depot. Of course, this is the season at which the comforts we seek to provide will be most appreciated, and no time is therefore to be lost.

SUBSCRIPTIONS.

Proprietors of JOHN BULL, £100; Odhams Limited, £25; Messrs. Ladbroke and Co., £10 10s.; Mr. J. Thompson, £5 5s.; Mr. H. Lotery, £5 5s.; Messrs. S. Schneiders and Son, £5 5s.; Mr. Alfred Butt, £5 5s.; Mr. Douglas Stuart, £5 5s.; Mr. W. W. Macalister, £5; Mr. Leo Harward, £5; "A Neighbour," £2 2s.; "A Reader of JOHN BULL," £2 2s.; Mr. Harry Preston, £1 1s.; Mr. W. H. Gibson, £1 1s.; "Nurse B. A.," 1s.; W. H. B., 10s.; C. W., 1s.; E. G. D., 1s.; "Consolation Winner," 1s.; C. P. (Letchworth), 5s.; "Gee Gee" (Luton), 5s.; Mr. James Hare, £1 1s.; Mr. Charles Jones, £1 1s.; Messrs. Lloyd, Richardson and Co., £2 2s.; John Bull's Store, £5 5s.; Mr. Edward Leigh, £10; E. M. H., 1s.; "Tom," £2.

Miss Ruth Vincent and Mr. Harry Dearth will sing at our Great Patriotic Rally at the Albert Hall.

GLOBE POLISH ON ITS METAL.

CURIOUSLY COMPLEX COMPANIES' COMPLICATIONS.

One fine day in November, 1912, Sydney A. Sharpe, of 205, Friern Road, Dulwich, S.E., accountant, and Ernest J. Burrows, of 44, Heysham Road, South Tottenham, N., clerk, met and signed a document which was called the Memorandum of Association of a certain joint-stock company.

The capital of the company was fixed at £5,000 in 5,000 shares of £1 each, and so enamoured were Sydney and Ernest of their little offspring, that they took but one share each in it, and allowed the Fritz Schulz, Jun., Aktiengesellschaft, of Leipzig, to take 4,995, thus leaving but three shares to be issued. Herr Fritz Schulz, Jun., took one; Geheimrath (Privy Councillor) Gustav Adolf Philipp, of Leipzig, took another, and Herr Hans Waldemar Philipp, also of Leipzig, took the third, and duly became the sole directors of the company thus formed.

Its name is the Globe Polish Company, Ltd., sole manufacturers of the well-known Globe Metal Polish, and if the constitution of the concern were the only point to be noted, we would merely draw the attention of the Public Trustee, as Curator under the Trading with the Enemy Amendment Act, to the fact that there is here work for him to do in taking steps to prevent the profits finding their way to the Leipzig proprietors, and would point out to those responsible for enforcing the provisions of our Companies Acts that the concern has been guilty of innumerable breaches of what is known as "the Bottomley clause" of that Act—inasmuch as it omitted the word "Limited" as part of its title on tins of polish.

TEUTONIC TINS.

These tins are got up in precisely the same style as were those sold before the outbreak of the war—except that, whilst they were recently specifically said to contain a commodity "manufactured solely by the Globe Polish Co." the tins sold before the war were graced by the legend "Manufactured solely by the Fritz Schulz Aktiengesellschaft, of Leipzig, Saxony."

But now enters upon the scene another "Richmond." In a recent edition of *The Grocer* there appears an "Important Notice to the Public and the Trade," which says that Globe Metal Polish "is now manufactured by Raimes and Co., Ltd., of Stockton-on-Tees, and Bow, London, E., and exclusively by British Labour." It is also stated that all the directors and all the shareholders of Raimes and Co., Ltd., are Englishmen. There is no doubt whatever that Raimes and Co., Ltd., is an English company, and that all its directors are Englishmen; but the fact remains that the Globe Polish Co., *Limited*, claims on its tins to be the sole manufacturers of the article, and is undoubtedly a German company in regard to its directorate, being the property—lock, stock and barrel—of the original makers, the Fritz Schulz, Jun., Aktiengesellschaft, Leipzig.

RAIMES' FORESIGHT.

The relations between the Fritz Schulz, Jun., Aktiengesellschaft, and Raimes & Co. Ltd., are somewhat peculiar. It appears that, so far back as the year 1900, Fritz Schulz entered into an agreement with Frederick Raimes, granting to him the sole rights to sell this Globe Metal Polish extract in the British Empire. The agreement contained a provision, which after events have proved to have been very farsighted—namely, that in case of an outbreak of war between England and Germany, its operation might be suspended, but should come into force again at the conclusion of hostilities! Mr. Raimes formed himself into a private limited company—the present Raimes and Co., Ltd.—in 1900, with a capital of £6,000.

It will thus be seen that matters are a little complicated, and we regret not being in a position to unravel them at the moment. The Comptroller-General of Patents made a rough and ready attempt to cut the tangled skein last September, when, upon an application of Raimes and Co., Ltd., for a licence to use the trade marks of the Globe Polish Co., Ltd., he stated that:—

> If it were the policy of this country to stamp out any business connected with the Germans in any shape or form, then it might be wise to stamp out this one.

For the moment we leave it at that. But the whole position forms an interesting little problem, and one which the authorities should solve.

BRÜNNER, THE BOHEMIAN.

A LITTLE SCHEME THAT WAS NIPPED IN THE BUD.

The police, without knowing it, have caught a very rare bird in—if we may use an Irishism—the person of Herr Max A. R. Brünner, whom they have interned as an alien enemy. Herr Brünner hails from Austria, and was lately residing at 42, Bonser Road, Twickenham, where he carried on a calling which we will permit him to describe in his own words, as we find them on a "scrap of paper" which he sent to a lady who answered his advertisement for a secretary. This is his epistle—typewritten in capitals:—

> Dear Miss, upon your request I give you some data about the work I would require. I have taken a villa which I occupy quite alone. I have done the little cleaning, cooking, etc., all by myself, and you should simply assist me, viz., I would not ask you to do anything which requires experience. The same applies to my literary work, the latter would consist in writing on the machine from written or printed originals, not from a dictation or shorthand. I do also sketching, make coloured designs which you should simply copy. Before the war I mostly wrote for foreign papers, being an Austrian; but this business has quite stopped now, and I am in great distress. Thus I have to exercise the strictest economy, and regarding meals I prepared all myself, simple things, of course, which everybody with some common sense can prepare. The room you should occupy, also the furniture, is brand new, no one has ever used it before. Having it unused, is a great waste, but as you have to pay rent and board every day, it is advisable to take my room at once and give in return some services. I am willing also to give board, but cannot yet promise to give pocket money, too, as I am almost penniless. Still I have some debtors in America to whom I wrote. In a month's time I think I am better off. My literary and artistic work is very interesting and inspiring, also the somewhat Bohemian life which I think you will like. I live in charming locality few minutes from Thames. If you have a cycle you should bring it along. In case you do not like the place you are at liberty to look for another, while I shall still keep you here. In case you do not accept my offer, please let me know at once as some other applicants are waiting.

It will be noted that Herr Brünner stated that he was engaged in literary work, and the nature of that work is made plain by a communication he sent to the Editor of a Vancouver paper, transmitting some articles and pictures for publication, against payment, "whether used or not." They appeared to be written in the interests of German steamship lines, and their contents were deemed to be so objectionable that they were ignominiously rejected.

The Arcadian and Bohemian features of his home life, as given in the note which we reproduce, speak for themselves; but it should be added that a share in their enjoyment was offered to a certain lady, and that the "brand-new furniture" he speaks of was purchased on the hire-system, and is about to be removed by the owners. Brünner, however, has been removed in advance by the police, and now rusticates where literary labours cease from troubling and Austrian aliens are at anchor.

AN "OLD SOLDIER'S" TALE.

PICTURES TELL STORIES—NOT OF CHERRY TREES.

Illustrations have now become a feature in almost every newspaper. We hear of a Turkish disaster in Caucasus, and lo! a few hours later we have striking illustrations of the event. Few people ask how this is possible, even although it should be generally known that newspaper men are not allowed near the firing line. Here is an illustration of how the thing is done. A picture, entitled "Telling Mother all about It," appeared in a Leeds paper on December 22nd. The letterpress accompanying the block describes it as:—

> A touching incident at Netley Hospital. The man is a soldier who was wounded in the firing line, and he is recounting to his doting mother his hair-breadth escapes and adventures before he was finally laid low by a German bullet. The expression in the old lady's face indicates a pride in her soldier boy that should appeal to all mothers. (S. and G.)

The picture of this pathetic *tete-a-tete* first appeared in a periodical called *Under the Union Jack*, dated December 30th, 1899! Its title then was "Her Wounded Laddie from the Front."

The Band of the Irish Guards will play at our Great Patriotic Rally—Albert Hall, Thursday, Jan. 14

McKENNA, THE MILD.

OUR OFFICIAL JELLY-FISH AND JOYFUL JUNKERS.

Our German suspects may thank their lucky stars that they are not British subjects in the Fatherland. If they were, they would experience such horrors of war as are supposed to fall to the lot of the man who is what we call the "alien enemy," and they would have no McKenna to protect and pamper them.

The other day there was a row at the Reigate Town Council meeting because the Home Office pokes its nose among the interned Germans and tells two of them to go free. Reason: because if they are kept in durance vile, where those who know them believe they ought to be, the Lanston Monotype Company cannot carry out their contract with the Government! We took an interest in this case and sent a Commissioner to look into the details. He found that the Lanston Monotype Company had obtained a sub-contract for the manufacture of gun-sights and firing-pins. Some of the natives, knowing that alien enemies were employed, complained direct to Lord Kitchener. The next move was a visit on the part of two military officers, who thoroughly inspected the works, and the two Germans were taken away. They were arrested by the Head Constable of Horley, at the request of the Government, taken to Frimley and thence to the Isle of Man. The people of the neighbourhood began to breathe freely, for the district is one that we have called attention to—one of the finest military, and particularly artillery, positions around London.

RELEASING INTERNED ALIENS.

But now the interned aliens have been released on the ground that, so long as they were where they ought to be, the Lanston Monotype Company could not carry out their contract with the Government to time! Why? There are dozens and dozens of British men, capable of making firing-pins and gun-sights for our artillery, who would be glad of the job if they were employed by the Lanston Company. Was not Mr. McKenna aware of the fact? We will give him the benefit of the doubt and assume that he was not, and did not inquire—wherefore he released the alien enemies against the advice of the Mayor, the Watch Committee, the police, and the Town Clerk. After the local Manager of the Company had been refused by the officials enumerated, he seems to have gone to the Home Office—with the result that the two Germans had their shackles knocked off! Himmel! Hoch der Kaiser!! We are not in the least surprised that the people in the neighbourhood are on their hind legs with indignation and that they are asking whether they are being ruled by a pet official of the German Emperor. Particularly as they know that the district—a singularly dangerous one—reeks with Germans, and that a local German lady, who has assumed an English name, entertained at her house a mob of her compatriots, after her return from the Fatherland, on the fall of Antwerp. Declaiming about the man who is supreme over our police here has become a tiresome job. In Berlin the publicists and the newspapers would not have been put to the trouble. But it would seem that, so long as the British public can get a "thank God" from the Admiralty when the Hun ships have come around and murdered women and kiddies, and smashed houses, and the praises of the heaven-sent Mr. McKenna are sung by men like Mr. T. P. O'Connor, the good old British public say "all's well."

AN INTERESTING DIRECTORATE.

By the way, we always like to get to the bed-rock of things, and felt curious as to the identity of the heads of the company which employs two aliens whom the authorities thought ripe for internment. The Chairman, we found, is the Earl of Dunraven, Tommy Lipton's predecessor as America-Cup-lifter; whilst one of the Directors is—of all people in the world—Sir George Askwith, the Board of Trade Adviser on Industrial Disputes, and a good Briton. Surely, Sir George should be well aware that we have men of our blood skilled enough to turn out those firing-pins and gun-sights, and that it is unnecessary to release for the purpose alien enemies who were interned by the proper authorities, undoubtedly after they had given consideration to the cases. A point to note is that if the scale of a gun-sight is "out" to the extent of a hair, that gun will throw high or wide. We must not have our artillerists turned into blind gunners simply to back up a sympathetic Home Secretary.

Yet another example of what we may term the milk-and-mush Home Office. A chap named Archibald Cocks was captured and haled up for trial by court-martial, for having in his possession a wireless apparatus. It is, of course, beyond yea or nay in the mind of the authorities that the bulk of the information sent to the enemy is transmitted by "wireless." After a painstaking inquiry the fellow was found guilty and sentenced to six months' imprisonment. In Germany it would have been "shoot him at sunrise." He was toted away to gaol to serve his term; but now, to our amazement, we find that he has been set at liberty, four months of his sentence having been chopped off! Oh, most merciful Home Secretary! Will the safety of our country ever be placed in careful hands?

AFTER THE RAID.

Hot on the heels of the release of the Huns by the Home Office after the raid on the East Coast came a demand by an outraged people that something should be done, and an order was issued by McKenna that had a germ of commonsense in it. All Germans and other alien enemies on the east coast of Scotland were told to move back 30 miles, and 344 of them had to trek. At the same time the Tyneside military authorities ordered all enemy aliens, as well as "naturalised" persons of Teutonic birth, to step back from the coast. The common people began to rub their hands and say "Thank goodness, we have at last a Business Government!" But, lo and behold, along came an order cancelling the move, so far as Tyneside is concerned. Why? In the name of heaven, why? Can it be that some official who is violently pro-German—and we have too many pro-Germans in high places—has used his influence to have the order rescinded? In any event it is a great muddle—due, not to that deadly dual control, but to multi-control. The whole matter is in the hands respectively of the War Office, the Admiralty, the Home Office, and the local authorities. The latter are among the sinners. A police chief reports: "Herr Frankfurter Handlung is in my district. He is a German, and although the local people suspect that he can do much mischief, I know him to be a thoroughly decent chap, and I suggest that he should stay where he is." He stays! The Admiralty says "Knife," and the War Office says "Scissors." And knife defeats scissors or scissors defeats knife, and the pro-German Home Office tells our alien enemies to stay where they are and enjoy life. The wonder is that they do not teach Morse to the untrained sections of our enemies on the coast and supply them with flash-lamps and wireless equipments.

It this crisis does not teach us a lesson, nothing will

"JOHN BULL'S" WEEKLY CINEMA.

BULL-DOGGEREL RHYMES BY "THE BOW-WOW."

When the constabulary tries
To free our Eastern Coast from spies,
McKenna, tender with the Hun,
Protesting shrieks: "It shan't be done."

Our Tommies, in their task to crush
The Huns, are hindered by the slush;
How can they spill the Germans' blood
When so encumbered by the mud?

The wise electors place a ban
On stained-glass window Masterman;
His unctuous style, and smile so sweet,
Fail to obtain for him a seat.

It seems that we shall shortly see
A warlike move by Italy;
Then Austria-Hungary, of course,
Will wish they'd backed the other horse.

The Germans, with their Hunnish tricks,
Antagonise the Catholics;
Who would have thought they'd be so green
As touch th' Archbishop of Malines?

The shopper finds, to her dismay,
The prices rising day by day;
The quid, so dear all foodstuffs are,
Is not worth more than "half-a-bar"!

A "SMART" CAPTURE.

A MONTH'S "HARD" FOR A MOTHER.

We cannot congratulate the Soldiers and Sailors Families' Association upon the prosecution of a soldier's wife at Willesden. The woman presented herself at the office of that body in great distress, stating that her husband had been seriously wounded and was in Folkestone Military Hospital—whereupon she was given £1 to go and see him. A few days later she called and said that he had been operated upon, and was given a further 12s. for her expenses to Folkestone. Shortly after, she once more presented herself—this time in deep mourning, telling the tale that her husband was dead. At Christmas the lady visitor of the Association called upon the woman and found her "dead" soldier husband at home. She admitted her guilt; whereupon she was prosecuted and fined 40s. or a month's hard labour. We by no means wish to defend fraud—but we do say that if the representative of the S. & S. F. A. had known her business, this woman—obviously in very poor circumstances and pressed for money—could have been saved from herself. In every case where a soldier is dangerously ill in hospital, a free railway pass is granted to the next of kin for the asking. Sixpence expended by that Association on a wire to the Medical Officer in charge of the Military Hospital at Folkestone would have saved the woman from the degradation of conviction for fraud.

THE SLACKER.

"Oh, it is fine to sit at home,
And in the papers read
Each day how some brave British boy
Hath done a gallant deed;
His name is writ for ever on
The scroll of deathless fame!"—
Then surely, sonny, you, you, YOU
Should go and do the same!

"Of course it's not all honey for
The boys who fight with French,
Up to the waist in mud and ice,
With death all round the trench;
It's wonderful how they contrive
To keep their nerve and grit!"—
Oh, sonny, how they'd welcome you
To do your little bit!

"In dear old England I am safe,
So I propose to stay,
I'd be a mug to volunteer
All for one bob per day!"—
Oh, sonny, if you funk the job,
Our lads will not complain;
But—dare you look them in the face
When they come home again?

RICHARD MORTON.

Miss Constance Collier will recite at our Great Patriotic Rally—Thursday, Jan 14, at the Albert Hall.

THE PRICE OF WAR!

MEASLES, MOURNING, MORTALITY AND FOUL WATER.

We are aware of all the difficulties that beset the authorities who attend to the housing and make other provision for the hundreds of thousands of men who are joining the Colours, and on the whole it must be admitted that they have made the best of a bad job. The real soldier knows the difficulties, and remembers that he is a man in the making, and doesn t grouse.

But here and there exist real grievances, and one of them is to be found in Bedford. This place our Commissioner has discovered to be a hot-bed of measles. The place is, as usual on such occasions, full of the wildest rumours, most of them reflecting upon the military authorities. Some of the billets are extremely comfortable, and lucky are the boys who are in them; others are less comfortable —and others, still, are what might justly be termed uncomfortable. When boiled down, the principal trouble seems to be measles, which appears to be native to the place, and the percentage of cases that have proved fatal. On November 23rd, the schools at Goldington Road were taken over as a hospital, and it should be stated at once that, notwithstanding the hard things said by the townspeople, the hospital is quite a good one, well staffed, well furnished for its purpose, and well warmed. When the institution was opened, 17 cases of measles were admitted; by December 2nd there were 55 cases, and now the number approaches 200. Up to date, there have been over 300 cases, and the loss in deaths has been five per cent. —which is a very big average. On December 21st one man died; on December 25th one man; on December 26th one man; on December 28th five men—and they have been dying since, all the casualties being young fellows.

Running the Risk.

No doubt the medical and nursing staffs do their best for the cases when they are brought in. But is the Principal Officer of the Royal Army Medical Corps satisfied that the best all round is being done for the men, and is he easy in his mind about the percentage of deaths? The civil practitioner who undertakes the treatment of a case of measles first makes sure that the patient is placed on a proper diet and is kept warm constantly in bed, in a room suitably heated. He must not be exposed to draughts or cold. In the case of the Bedford victims, when the cases are diagnosed they are taken from their warm beds in their billets, carried in blankets through the wet, raw air, and transferred in the cold ambulance van to the hospital. Perhaps the Director-General of the Medical Department will agree that it is during such transfer that the mischief is done, and he may also agree that if the cases were treated where they are billeted the majority of the lives would be saved. Such, at any rate, is the opinion of outside doctors, and even of the landladies who have men billeted on them. They feel so strongly, in fact, that they have declared that they will wreck the ambulance if it is sent for more cases.

'Ware Boston!

Not far from Bedford is the town of Boston, in Lincolnshire. Here there is trouble in plenty; and as it is reported that the military authorities have determined to locate a large force of men in the place, we advise them to mark time pending a careful study of the health conditions. A short time ago there was a water famine, and, taking advantage of the low level of the precious liquid, the town authorities determined to clean the mud out of the water hole which they call a reservoir. They stirred up the accumulations of many years of microbes and other things, and immediately typhoid fever began to ramp around. When the source of the mischief was discovered, the people were warned not to drink the water, and some from another source was sent around in carts. Then scarlatina set in, and the endemic diphtheria that has scourged the town for many a year increased. This diphtheria is, of course, a filth disease, and doubtless arises from a rotten condition of drainage that nobody in Boston seems to care a tinker's exclamation about. The water of the so-called "reservoir" has lately been analysed, and is possibly now fit to be dropped into the whisky imbibed by the natives; but, even so, Boston is in the grip of scarlet fever and the deadly diphtheria, and if we send a mass of troops there the blame will rest upon the heads of the authorities.

PATRIOTISM AND THE "PEARL."

ENCOURAGING CONDUCT OF ASSURANCE COMPANY.

Early in December one of the Pearl Assurance Company's agents, with twelve months' service to his credit, answered the call of patriotism and enlisted. Being told to hold himself in readiness for training, he handed in his resignation to the company, asking them to allow him to retain the agency after his notice had expired and until he was ordered to join his regiment. At the same time he respectfully inquired what allowance the company were prepared to make his dependents during his absence on active service. The reply vouchsafed to this reasonable inquiry was merely a printed form, bearing the name of Mr. G. Shrubsall, Joint Managing Director, accepting his resignation in the following terms:—

> We beg to acknowledge and to accept your Resignation dated . . . You will please deliver to our Superintendent Mr. . . . . all books, stationery, and other property in your possession belonging to this Company, together with all moneys collected for us. You will please also deliver to our Superintendent all books, stationery, and other property belonging to the National Amalgamated Approved Society.

On the back of this formal document was written this:—

> You have our best wishes for your welfare. On your return we will do our best to find a vacancy for you.

Not a word, be it noted, about any allowance to the agent's dependents, or any reply to his request to be allowed to retain the agency until called to the colours. By the same post the company forwarded to the superintendent the following formal intimation and instructions:—

> We have received and accepted Resignation from . . . . as Collector, dated . . . . to expire in 14 days.
>
> Please give the matter your attention, and see that all books, stationery, and other property in his possession belonging to the Company, together with all moneys collected for us, are delivered up by him at the expiration of his notice. Please also see that he delivers up all books, stationery, and other property in his possession belonging to the National Amalgamated Approved Society. When he has left, you will report to this Department the *date* of his leaving and whether he has closed his accounts satisfactorily. If there be a deficiency or decrease, state its amount, and how caused; also whether there is anything against his character.

The fourteen days' notice expired, and the agent had not been called up for service, nor had he been called up at the time of writing us. Practically cast off, as he had left only to serve a more noble cause, disappointed in his expectation that the company would be willing to make his dependents some allowance, and promise definitely to keep his position open for him on his return, the ex-agent finds himself thrown on his own meagre resources until such times as the War Office inform him that his services are required.

We consider this cold and callous attitude of the Pearl Assurance Company towards an agent who has cheerfully undertaken to risk life and limb as much in their interest as in anybody's, most reprehensible.

INFLUENZA, INDEED!

THE WAY *NOT* TO RECRUIT.

Immediately upon the outbreak of war, a Southwark lad threw up a good job and enlisted. In November he was given twenty-four hours' leave to visit his parents. Upon arrival home, he was found to be suffering from influenza. A doctor was called, and a certificate forwarded to the Commanding Officer. After the lad had been in bed five days, another medical certificate was sent by post, and at the end of ten days he returned to his corps, armed with a third document—this time giving him a clean bill of health. Upon arrival, he was made a prisoner and subsequently awarded seven days' C.B. and fined nine days' pay! Smarting under a sense of injustice, the lad wrote home, whereupon his father placed the whole of the facts of the case before the Colonel. The reply is characteristic of certain army officers:—

> Your son was punished for being absent, and *not* for being ill. The matter is entirely one of discipline and interior economy, and is dealt with as such by those in authority.

This beautiful epistle is signed by the Company officer. He may think he is a humourist. He is a fool.

All seats free at our Great Patriotic Rally—Albert Hall, Thursday, January 14th.

TYRANNISING THE TEACHERS.

HOLE AND CORNER DISMISSAL OF PUBLIC SERVANTS.

It is difficult to understand the reason for the autocratic intervention of Sir Mark Collet, the Chairman of the Kent County Education Committee, at the meeting of the local Committee called to rescind a previous snatch vote dismissing three lady teachers from the staff of Gravesend County Girls' School. For several years these ladies had performed their duties without apparent complaint by the County Inspector and the County Authority. They had been included in the general eulogy which the Chairman of the local Committee, Councillor Huntley, accorded to the staff of the school at the prize distribution in August. "The Governors," he said—and he was either a competent judge of their qualifications and their record or he was not—" are deeply sensible of the important duties so ably and conscientiously performed for such a long period by Miss Rollinson, and I can assure her and all the other assistant mistresses concerned that, whatever alterations may be necessitated by the pending new conditions, they have the hearty thanks of the Governors for their faithful and devoted services in the past, and we look forward in the best interests of the school to their continued co-operation and assistance in the future." On that handsome testimonial, publicly given, the teachers were entitled to assume that this gentleman spoke for himself and the Governors in the interests of the pupils who loved them, and the public who had every reason to trust them and be grateful to them. It apparently remained for the new Head Mistress, who entered upon her duties in September, to discover their unfitness, for in October the local Committee was summoned on a bald agenda, "Re-organisation of Girls' School."

"HUSH, NOT A WORD!"

The notice contained not a word about wholesale dismissals of teachers Mr. Huntley had so highly praised only a few weeks before; no charges were formulated against them; no notice was given to them that their conduct or their capabilities were to be challenged and that they should have just right of defence; and in a thinly attended meeting, by six against four, these ladies—on the suggestion of the County Inspector whose tests they had satisfied for so many years—were dismissed from their employment. In these circumstances, it would have been a flagrant denial of fairplay if those members not present at the meeting had accepted the proceedings of this hoodwinking agenda as a just or final judgment of the teachers. They called another meeting for the rescission of the resolution, and this meeting, after the speech of the Mayor, Councillor Huggins, was strongly in favour of retaining the services of the teachers. In such a position of affairs, Sir Mark Collet intervened to inform the members in so many words that, whatever they said or whatever they did, the County Committee would insist on the dismissals, and in the end the teachers have in fact been discharged from the service by the only legal means available—the payment of salaries to Easter next.

LET THERE BE LIGHT.

We should be obliged if Sir Mark would indicate to us the process of justice in this travesty of fair hearing and fair defence. What have these teachers done, or not done? How comes it that, by consensus of the Chairman of the local representatives of the County Committee, the County Inspector, the pupils, and the parents, these teachers—competent, faithful, and devoted to their arduous work for years down to August last—suddenly acquired such astounding defects of character, discipline, or education as to be dismissed without a chance being given them to answer their accusers? Has somebody been whispering on the back stairs? Are they the victims of a keyhole inquisition or an impending nepotism? Can it be that anybody has in view the appointment of insistent favourites, and that places can only be found for them by the perpetration of a cruel wrong and a shameful slur? From first to last, the whole business of these dismissals appears to be characterised by motives and methods as obscure as they are unworthy of public men as against defenceless women, whose repute and influence are sufficiently apparent by the presentations made to them by the pupils of the school.

A HUNGARIAN HAUL.

WHERE ARE THE POLICE?

A few days after the war broke out, four Hungarians, named Imre, Bela, Tiber and Elmer Semler, arrived in Great Britain from their native country. They were almost penniless. A visit to Paddington Green Police Station effected their registration. They then proceeded to establish themselves without delay at Golden House, 29, Great Pulteney Street, W., as khaki merchants. A trip through the Provinces brought them plenty of orders, and also enabled them to make contracts to re-sell the stuff to Government contractors, sub-contractors and private firms of the highest standing. They bought up every yard of the cloth that could be obtained, and re-sold it at a profit which ran into four figures. All this time the War Office was said to be experiencing difficulty in obtaining supplies of khaki direct, and the nation was called upon to pay clothes-allowance to recruits. It is a scandal of some magnitude that impoverished alien enemies should be permitted to trade here at the expense of Britishers, and it is an even worse scandal that they should be able to do so in competition also with the War Office. For, be it understood, these Hungarians never obtained any licence to trade in this country. Their activities could not well have escaped the notice of someone in authority. How, then, was their immunity procured? Perhaps some Member of Parliament will ask a question on the subject; for the whole matter requires thorough ventilation, not only in order to get at the bottom of this particular instance of official apathy, but also to prevent a repetition of so gross and callous a neglect of British interests.

We do not blame these enemy aliens for making our country the happy hunting-ground for their commercial pursuits; indeed, we are inclined to compliment them upon their successful raid on what should have been Governmental preserves. But our acknowledgment of their 'cuteness would have been more generous but for the fact that one large firm which did business with them felt compelled to cancel its orders, and another to decline further transactions owing to their unsatisfactory nature. We do not know whether these, and the other concerns, took the precaution to inquire into the status of the Semlers. Probably they did not trouble to do so—seeing that Government contractors were dealing with them, and dealing with them when actually aware that the Government itself could not do what these four Hungarians were doing.

As we suggested the other day, if the Government think that they have a blank cheque from the nation to commit any kind of foolery they please, the sooner they are undeceived the better. With Lord Haldane and Mr. McKenna snapping their fingers in the faces of the people; with the callous disregard by the authorities of the outcry for an official inquiry into the circumstances which made the recent Coast Raid possible; with the total disregard of the popular demand for a Commission to inquire into the war contract scandals, we are almost persuaded to appeal to the Party Opposition. Though pledged not to embarrass the Government by withholding their support to the successful prosecution of the war, there can exist no possible necessity for remaining dumb when fortunes are deliberately thrown into the laps of alien enemies, who, by the simple process of walking into a police-station and entering their mark in a book, procure the tacit licence of the authorities to roam about the country and to build up an enormous business at the expense of Britons.

"THERE'S HAIR!"

HAIR REFINERS WHOSE HAIR WANTS COMBING.

Our recent paragraph exposing the methods of the London County Hair Refiners, of 25, Richmond Street, St. Luke's, E.C., has brought us further interesting information respecting that firm's peculiar system of business. In one case a lady, who glories in a splendid crop of hair, sent them 7 lbs. of combings, the accumulation of several years. In return she received twelve dirty Christmas cards, representing the "value" of the hair, according to the "Refiners'" estimate. Horrocks, of Brighton, will have to look to his laurels.

Be sure and come to our Great Patriotic Rally on Thursday, January 14th—Doors open at 7 p.m.

INDIFFERENT TO THE INVENTOR.

HOW THE WAR OFFICE TREATS NEW IDEAS.

It would naturally be supposed that in times like the present the War Office would be keeping a sharp look out for fresh ideas, improved mechanical devices,etc.—anything, in short, promising, even remotely, to give us a further ascendency over our foes in the matter of air-craft. Inventive genius is no respecter of persons or classes. Some of the most brilliant engineering devices have originated in the brains of working mechanics, who, through want of means and lack of influence, have had their ideas exploited for the benefit of others, and themselves have profited little or nothing.

We are moved to these remarks by the experience of one of our readers, who for a considerable time has been working on a new aeroplane propeller, which, in his opinion, is bound to excel in speed and safety everything of the kind at present on the market. The outbreak of war having caused a drastic reduction in his earnings, he was unable to complete his model. He, therefore, wrote to the War Office offering the unfinished apparatus, and undertaking to reveal its working details—at the same time explaining that his poverty, due to the war, made it impossible for him to complete the model without Government aid. The reply he received a fortnight later from the War Office is a sublime example of red-tapeism *in excelsis*. Its substance was as follows:—

> With reference to your letter on the subject of your propeller for aerial vessels, I am directed to acquaint you that before a proposal of this nature can be considered by the War Department, it is necessary that a certificate showing the actual results obtained at tests of the propeller carried out at a recognised testing establishment, should be submitted for examination.
>
> I am to say that the National Physical Laboratory at Bushy House, Teddington, has testing plant for small models up to two feet in diameter, and Messrs. Vickers, Sons and Maxim, Limited, of Barrow, possess the necessary means for testing full size propellers.
>
> The accompanying copy of the memorandum for inventors is forwarded for your information in so far as it applies to this case.
>
> An interview at this stage is not considered necessary.

For all its courtesy of phrasing, the above, manifestly, is an absurd letter to send to a man who has already pointed out that his impecunious position prevents him finishing his device. As he himself says: "How can I have a test made of an incomplete model? I sought the War Office aid to help me to complete something beneficial to our country in this titanic life and death struggle." And this is the result! We are well aware that the world is over-run with cranks, but this is not the case of one. Of the merits of the invention we can say nothing. But this we do say, that it is the public and patriotic duty of the War Office to let no useful idea escape their notice, no matter in what form it may come before them. Five minutes' interview, a glance at the incomplete model and the drawings, and a War Office expert should be able at once to judge the value or otherwise of the invention. If useful—so much the better for the country—and the inventor. If useless—at least no harm has been done, and the inventor's dream is mercifully shattered.

GAS BAGS.

CANT AND CO-PARTNERSHIP.

The South Metropolitan Gas Company is a co-partnership concern, and in a full-page advertisement in the *Daily Mail* it claims to have had a quarter of a century of industrial peace. The announcement proceeds: "32 per cent. staff and 21 per cent. of its workmen are serving in the defence of the Empire. Their wives, children, and dependent parents are being provided for by the company and its co-partners, who are undertaking much of the absent ones' work." Then follows the Roll of Honour. Amongst the names we notice J. Ahern, of the Army Service Corps. We are credibly informed, however, that the company is not contributing one penny towards the support of Ahern's wife and family We wonder if there are, amongst the hundreds displayed for the edification of *Daily Mail* readers, the names of others similarly situated.

CHEWING THE CUD.

THE MOUTH OF OX-O REMAINS SELF-MUZZLED.

Up to the time of going to press, we have received no reply from the directors to our recent criticisms of Oxo, Ltd.—the small private company which was formed after the outbreak of war to take over one of the main assets of Liebig's Extract of Meat Co., namely, the beef preparation known as "Oxo," without, so far as is discoverable, any payment being made for the goodwill of what must have cost the Liebig shareholders over a million pounds. Nor has any explanation been vouchsafed to us regarding the identity of the holders of the £746,345 of capital issued to "bearer," though it is, of course, possible to trace the names of German registered shareholders who changed their holdings into this form of security, and thus considerably hampered inquiry into their nationality. Flamboyant appeals to British patriots to support the Oxo Company are still published in the press, although, as we have stated, the first proprietors of the meat extract were almost all resident in Germany, or bore German names, whilst even comparatively recently (though in a circular obviously intended for German consumption only) the Company's preparation was described as having "always been subjected to the most careful control of authorities of the highest rank in German science," such as Justus von Liebig, Professors Max von Pettenhofer, Carl von Voit, Privy Councillor of Medicine Professor Dr. Max Rubner, of Berlin, and Chief Councillor of Medicine Professor Dr. Max von Gruber, of Munich!

As the last general meeting of the Liebig Co., whose property was disposed of in this extraordinary way, was held in June, it is practically impossible for shareholders to make their voices heard in regard to the matter for about another six months, despite the natural anxiety of any of them who have read our disclosures to satisfy themselves upon the very important points which we have raised, and which so materially affect their pockets. We, therefore, again urge upon the Board the necessity of taking the earliest opportunity of clearing up the very grave questions we have raised. Meantime, we should be glad to know, too, why Mr. W. von Mallinckrodt, of Antwerp—who is, apparently, related to Mr. Gustav von Mallinckrodt, of Cologne, also a shareholder, as are several others resident in enemy countries who figure on the register—resigned from the Board soon after the outbreak of war.

Ox-o has been ruminating long enough, and it is time that even that reflective animal imitated the example of Balaam's ass. We certainly have not infringed the commandment not to muzzle the Ox-o.

BLUFFING THE BRITISHER.

AN OCEAN COMEDY—WITH A SERIOUS SIDE.

The Sultan of Morocco once apologised to the British fleet for not having returned a salute. He had a hundred reasons, the first being that he had no powder. He was not asked to enumerate the others. Among the little sea-scraps of the present war was the encounter between the armed British tramp *La Correntina* and the *Kronprinz Wilhelm*. The Houlder liner got the worst of it, as the skipper was in the same plight as the dusky potentate—he had no ammunition for his guns—powerful 4.7's. His ship was looted of her cargo and coal and was then scuttled—the cream of the joke being that the German had no guns powerful enough to sink her! We are informed from a responsible quarter that the ammunition that should have been on board the *Correntina* and her sister ships *La Rosarina*, *El Paraguay* and *La Negra* was actually put ashore at Liverpool. Perhaps, after all, it was wise to leave the "crackers" behind and take the risk of meeting the Hun. It will be remembered that months ago we had something to say about these Houlder boats and their armament—pointing out that, being ordinary tramps, it was worse than foolish to place heavy guns on them, as they had not been designed to stand the tremendous lateral strain of firing. Oh, for a Business Government!

Come yourself and bring a friend. Great Patriotic Rally, Albert Hall, Thursday, January 14th.

THE CAXTON HISTORY OF THE WAR.

STARTLING DIPLOMATIC DISCLOSURES.

Even a casual glance at the first volume of "The History of the Great European War" makes it obvious that this is the *only* work yet announced to show any true appreciation of the needs of a real history of the present war.

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TWO OPINIONS.

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"We cannot wait until the war is at an end, and in a concise form you are providing us with history up to date at a moderate price. You are making a book which will become a standard work."

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"The first volume of 'The History of the Great European War' is as able as it is opportune, and it strikes me as being not only comprehensive in its range, and abundant in information, but accurate in its facts, clear in statement, and well-balanced in judgment."

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Please send me, free of charge and without any obligation on my part, your illustrated book on "The History of the Great European War," and of your offer to deliver the work as published, for a small first payment.

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Such a one would answer, in an off-handed sort of way:

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You do not? Not thoroughly and authoritatively? Yet

These Things are Business Knowledge.

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TWO OPINIONS.

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.....